

## The Critic

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### At the Grave of James G. Percival.

[NEAR the village of Hazel Green, Wis., where he was buried in 1856, being, at the time of his death, State Geologist of Wisconsin, as he had been, years before, of his native State, Connecticut.]

O Son of Science and of Song,  
In this sequestered spot alone  
Thy grave has lain, alas! too long,  
Unmarked by monumental stone.  
Thy native, thy adopted States,  
Whose hidden wealth thy love revealed,  
Beneath the dust that wealth creates  
Have left their gratitude concealed!  
They love thee, may be truly said;  
But ah! their love is strangely shown:  
In life it gave thee scanty bread—  
In death it gives not even a stone!  
Bard of my name, my kin, my pride,  
Inspirer of my earliest lays,  
Fain would my muse to thee, her guide,  
A fitting monument upraise.  
But with scant gold (my lot and thine),  
With stinted genius (mine alone),  
How could I hope, with gifts like mine,  
For years neglectful to atone?  
Yet, thinking what has oft been wrought  
Even on a rude and humble lyre,  
I too thereon, in rhythmic thought,  
To worthy achievement would aspire.  
O could I wake Amphion's shell,  
Which reared of old the Theban wall,  
Then would the rocks that knew thee well  
Come as at thy persuasive call;  
And self-arranged in order grand,  
Would take, self-moved, their lofty place;  
Till all the land should see it stand,  
A thing of grandeur and of grace!

WATERLOO, IOWA.

C. S. PERCIVAL.

### "And So—I Gave up Trying!"

'AND SO—I gave up trying!' These words, when they come from the heart, and are spoken in all truth and sincerity, are the saddest that may be uttered. I have heard them many a time, but never without a shudder. There is in them a suggestion of death-in-life that is full of terror. They imply that the soul which utters them *has* been trying—trying for something; and whatever it may have been, we feel at once that it was something good—something noble; for there is no bar to wickedness, and to be ignoble does not require trying.

But to *give up trying*—think of it! What a death-knell for hearts not yet turned to clay. To what a pass must life have come; what a dreary looking forward it must be, when

the morning's freshness matters nothing; when there is no longer any inspiration in the air, and one awakes and watches the slow dawn breaking upon a new world—new forever to the hopeful—and hears the birds blithe as ever among the trees, by the river's bank, or on the near hill; and yet feels no stirring of the heart, no slightest inclination to renew the struggle to attain. It is like death! I can think of nothing so wretched. 'And so—I gave up trying.' 'And so'—for what cause? Well, the way was too steep, or I lost all interest in it, or I was mistaken, I did not possess the ability I thought, or there was no sympathy, or health failed, or too many hands were raised against me and I was driven to despair. Whatever may have been the aim proposed, whatever may have made up the sum of the adversity which could not be overborne, we feel that the star of that life has set, and there is but the level, spiritless horizon stretched against the sky of night; and that the heedless feet which thenceforth will go stumbling along the twilight path were better, far better, fettered in grave-clay—better that the starless life were done with altogether.

There is a plain duty which life demands of those who walk jauntily the jocund road of prosperity and success; and that is, that they shall take heed not to sow in the hearts of less fortunate ones the seeds of despair. If they cannot, or will not, lend a helping hand, let them at least refrain from building barriers behind them upon the path they climb. These hinder only the weak. The strong toss them aside, with a smile of contempt for the mean soul of the builder who thus wars against the unfortunate.

Never give up trying, wherever you may be, and whatever may be the threatening ills which rise against you. What if gods and men and the whole world oppose you? There is always *some* place where the soul can be itself. There is no defeat except from within. There is really no insurmountable barrier, save your own inherent weakness of purpose. There is no power either in heaven or earth that can successfully oppose the onward course of the perfectly determined soul. Success as the world names it is but a word, which with the next breath may signify defeat. But success as the soul knows it, is to have within the sustaining sense of right and an unselfish purpose. There is no failure except in no longer trying. Never let the eyes cease to fix themselves upon the far-off star, till death shall have darkened the light within them. For so to live, and so to die, is after all the only success, whatever the world may call it.

'And so—I gave up trying.' I have heard these words when the lips trembled and the tears would force themselves into the eyes; and I have heard them when the lips uttering them smiled carelessly, and the eyes looked no whit dimmed. But as often as I have heard them, I have felt a strange shock, as though some impossible thing had happened; and never could I look upon the speaker without inwardly exclaiming, 'Where got you that sublime strength, to bear a grief so insupportable? From what planet did you pluck the unearthly courage to speak those words, the most melancholy, the most heartrending—' And so—I gave up trying.'

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

### Some Notes on the Summer School.

THE summer school has spread and developed as rapidly as Jack's beanstalk. Fifteen years or more ago, a modest shoot appeared on the Island of Penikese, and was nurtured by the revered Prof. Agassiz; almost immediately another appeared at Plymouth, under the fostering care of Dr. Sauveur; and in 1874 Dr. J. H. Vincent planted a branch at Chautauqua, which has flourished amazingly. Indeed, all these educational beanstalks have increased and spread so rapidly, that it would be necessary to run out of a good many States, if, like Jack, one thought it advisable to be beyond the reach of their growth or influence. There is great variety in the aim of these schools. Some attempt university methods, combining in one institution every con-

ceivable branch of learning; while others go to the other extreme, and teach but a single branch. As an example of the latter class, Prof. Harper's Hebrew school holds a high place in public favor. But between these two extremes there are the more general summer schools, where all the modern languages, some of the dead ones, and several branches of science find a place.

There were those who predicted a short life for these institutions. The unintellectual declared that it would be impossible to keep up an interest in studying in the summer. Said the pleasure-seeker: 'Think of games in a foreign tongue, or talking natural science or the derivation of words at a dance! Such activity of the brain means paralysis of the organs of locomotion.' The apostle of hygiene rolled his eyes and shook his head, as he numbered over the diseases induced by the action of midsummer heat on the overtaxed brain. But in spite of these predictions, the summer schools have 'come to stay.' The comparatively old ones are growing in size, and new ones spring up yearly. There must be reasons for this, and in my opinion the most noteworthy is the fact that the members of the Pedagogical Profession have come to regard these gatherings as their best recreation. We do not bestow that superstitious veneration on teachers that was lavished on pedagogues in the time of Ichabod Crane; but we do yield to the earnest, faithful teacher our profound sympathy and respect. Theirs is truly a life of devotion and self-sacrifice. They are constantly giving up themselves to their pupils. They seek to enrich their own minds, to add to their own stores of knowledge, that their services may become more valuable. Some may smile at this statement, in view of the salaries that are paid to most professors and instructors; but fancy the loss to mankind if the race of teachers should be swept bodily from the earth! The education of youth would be almost wholly confined to books; for the average parent, by the time his boy is ready to grapple with the mysteries of geography, for instance, is barely able to tell more than the location of the half-dozen chief cities in the Union. Sometimes he remembers that California is West of the Mississippi; but often there is a distressing haziness about his knowledge of any locality outside the State in which he lives. And as with geography, so is it with other branches of knowledge.

In the economy of civilization the pedagogue's place is not only important, but distinct; and it is this that makes him prize the summer school. What gratification can it be to frequent fashionable sea-side and summer resorts, and hear the current gossip in regard to styles of dress and improved methods of time-killing, when one is thirsting to discuss methods of education, and the true foundations of broad culture? There is one's home, for the unmarried teacher to recreate in; but it frequently happens that uncongenial tastes in the same family do not make too long a stay there agreeable. Fathers and mothers are proud of the wisdom and attainments of their sons and daughters who teach; but the look of annoyance, or mild rebuke, at any slip of the parental tongue or memory are hard to bear. And, on the part of the son or daughter, it is difficult to refrain for a few weeks from correcting, when that is one's business the greater part of the year. So the teachers flock to the summer schools. There they can correct and be corrected to their hearts' content. There they meet older and wiser, as well as younger and more stupid, teachers than themselves; and if they have the right disposition, they may reap benefit from all. The older and wiser represent what they may become by diligence, and spur them on to renewed effort; while the contemplation of the younger or less intelligent causes their bosoms to swell with gratitude that they have advanced beyond the state of youth or stupidity.

Great wisdom is usually displayed in the selection of locations for these summer schools. Most of them are in delightful villages or country towns, where the air is fresh and sweet with the odor of new-mown hay, and Nature

spreads her varied stores of mineral and vegetable growth, without resenting the picking to pieces, the hammering, the analyzing, that her gifts receive at the hands of these inquiring minds.

A. M. M.

## Reviews.

### "The Great Bank Robbery."\*

THERE is a great difference in the art of construction between 'A Tragic Mystery,' by Inspector Byrnes and Julian Hawthorne, and 'The Great Bank Robbery,' by the same co-workers. Both are readable and entertaining stories; but in the former the art (to use a paradox) was conspicuous for its inconspicuousness, while in the latter it is a little too easy to see where the detective leaves off and the novelist begins. Fact and imagination were so well dovetailed together in the 'Mystery,' that one could not insert the blade of a penknife between the real and the fanciful. In the 'Robbery,' however, Mrs. Nelson is too evidently the creation of the novelist. The conception is in itself a clever one. The idea of an unprincipled woman in the best society driven by maddening pecuniary losses to keep herself in diamonds and laces by hobnobbing secretly with thieves, selling them privately her information as to the location of wealthy houses and the possessions of her intimate friends, is an ingenious, novel, and not impossible one; but Mr. Hawthorne carries it too far, we think, when he declares that her accomplice in low life was able through her to 'overhear the conversation of millionaires, study their bank-books, and use the keys of their safes.' Her supposed complicity in the robbery of the Manhattan Bank is one of the most picturesque features of the book, and the imaginary interview between her and Inspector Byrnes in the cars, when she is on her way to Washington as a lobbyist, is one of the most entertaining chapters; but all the same, when one begins to inquire what it was that Mrs. Nelson did for the robbers, there is no apparent excuse for her existence. She is represented as claiming that the Bank never could have been robbed without her assistance, as she had given the burglars a plan of the inside of the vault and found out all the arrangements. There are mysterious hints that she had given them facts about the combination lock, 'with certain other useful information;' but they got the combination which opened the vault from the janitor, and they forced open the safes in the vault without using the safe combinations.

Fancy Gaboriau attempting to excite your curiosity by a plot in which the chief actors should have given 'certain useful information,' without telling you what the information was, or how they got it! With the same plot, he would have exerted the full power of his imagination to create the valuable information which Mrs. Nelson was to give in the first place, and in the second place to tell us how she managed to get this information herself. It is evident that Mr. Hawthorne thinks we ought to be satisfied with hearing that she knew something, and that she succeeded in learning it somehow. One would infer from the story that merely to be introduced to a millionaire was to know where he keeps his fortune, and that to be acquainted with a bank director was to be in full possession of all the combinations and almost of the keys to the bank, to such a degree that nothing but the ordinary sense of honor keeps most banks secure; while in reality the directors themselves do not know the combinations. Mrs. Nelson, having no sense of honor, simply told things which, it is implied, anybody can know that cares to. The relations between Mrs. Nelson and her low accomplice are told with unnecessary brutality; and the false scent in tracing the crime to the man with the amethyst ring, while very ingenious and entertaining in the main, is marred by the ridiculous railroad accident. This disaster is introduced for the sake of a

\* The Great Bank Robbery. By Julian Hawthorne, from the Note-Books of Inspector Byrnes. \$1. New York: Cassell & Co.



single desirable conversation; but only two people are alluded to while the accident is in progress, and the reader is left to imagine how they finally got home after being thrown from the rails. But in spite of these very glaring defects, the story is entertaining, and the real facts of the robbery and arrest of the thieves are given vividly and well.

#### "The Lost Wedding-Ring."

PIXLEY WINTER dedicates her share in 'The Lost Wedding Ring' to her husband, who was good to her and is dead. Letitia Boy does *not* so dedicate her share; for Mr. Boy was bad to her, and she had to separate from him, though scruples prevented her getting an absolute divorce. Mrs. Winter has written an essay on the false notions of marriage which lead to so much matrimonial misery, and reads it aloud to her chum, Mrs. Boy, who, with a little son named Jack, and Amanda, a servant, are joint-occupants with her of a little flat in New York. Mrs. Boy's lively comments add spice to the book, which is so small that without them it wouldn't be big enough to print. Even as it is, there is more margin than text. This gives an effect of lightness and brightness to the volume, however, which a perusal of the letterpress fails to dispel. The point of the essay is, that the condition of single blessedness is too thoughtlessly abandoned by the young of both sexes; that the reciprocal promises to cherish and to obey are given without heed to the obligations they imply; and that selfishness on both sides, and love of mastery on man's, are responsible for the unhappiness that so often follows the bestowal of the wedding-ring, and betrays its loss. Only when the reciprocal obligations of matrimony are more seriously heeded, more clearly understood, can anything but misery be expected from the union of the stronger and the weaker vessel. This is sound doctrine; but the philosophico-religious aspect of the little volume is what strikes us least forcibly in reading it. The author's bright and natural way of putting homely truths, both in the homely itself and the running comment on it, is what made it difficult for us to lay the book down when we had once picked it up and begun reading it.

'Our conservative Prayer-Book,' says the essayist, 'continues to marry men and women with the same time-honored phrases. It uses the word "obey," for instance, and starts the pair off with an obsolete word of promise, which is, in reality, a well-bred fib, for the wife does not intend to do it; nor does her husband have any ground for believing that she will. Mother Church is slow to see in her old age that her young sons and daughters are different from their fathers and mothers. She does not see that the modern man is less, and the modern woman more, than they used to be. A century ago, when she married them, one "cherished" and one "obeyed." In this way one obligation brought forth the other; but nowadays neither condition is found. So, if Mother Church thinks it wicked to speak what is not true, she should expunge the promise, and let the woman stand at the beginning where she intends to be later. "I've always thought that," said Mrs. Boy.'

Mrs. Boy's unfortunate personal experience has lent a certain sharpness to her tongue, and she now and then speaks a bitter truth either in confirmation or disapproval of her friend's less passionate utterances.

'Talk of a woman's influence! why, a man's is so positive that he can annihilate all characteristics in his children, and knock his wife's all out of her, if he is selfish. I've seen a man's personality push a woman out of existence. She died of it! Inch by inch she went. First she must eat, then she must walk, then she must talk, to suit him. So he crushed out first her appetite, then he wanted her to walk herself to death to find it! Then he thought her conversation dull because she hadn't strength to talk! At last she sank into her grave. I remember when she was a pretty little woman and used to wear the most coquettish little bonnets! He wasn't a bad sort of man, either; he was only a "patent adjuster." Indeed (said Mrs. Boy reflectively, and straightening herself up), I'd like to see any man crowd me out of life like that! This earth was made for both, and I'm going to have my room in it as well as he!'

\* The Lost Wedding-Ring. By Mrs. Winter and Mrs. Boy. 75 cts. New York: G. F. Putnam's Sons.

It is Mrs. Boy, again, who exposes man's ignorant selfishness in this lively fashion:

'The average man, too, is so conceited! He thinks he knows all about getting married, whereas he is as ignorant as he can be. He undertakes it without any previous education and without any misgivings for himself, and often makes a fiasco of it. If he is a bad husband, I am sure he was never attentive or loving to his mother. If he is rough to his wife, he is sure to have bullied his sisters. He might have been attentive to his *cousin*, but that doesn't count. "Good heavens!" I cried, "how you do punish the men, and how much you seem to know." "I've been where I could learn a little," she answered, dryly, "and I know that marriage requires something to keep it alive. It requires a supply of things that keep love. If people want an enterprise to succeed, they keep a watch on it, don't they? Why shouldn't they do this with marriage? People have no end of patience with other ventures. Why doesn't a man venture to have patience with this?" "You are very hard on the men," I said, "and I must take their part.'

The thread of story in the little book is very slight; but it adds considerably to the volume's interest, and greatly increases the likelihood of its being read by the class of people who stand most in need of the sound advice here given. There is a little more Theosophy in the book than one feels the necessity of. The author, we understand, is a lady of fashion living in a city (Newport) where innumerable 'wedding-rings' have been 'lost,' if not deliberately thrown away.

#### "Tales before Supper."

THE critic is a sort of 'tippler,' whose profession it is to taste and test the *liqueurs* and *vins fins* of the intellectual world. The translator's business is nearly akin to this: he tipples and tastes, too, and chooses from a multitude of sparkling beverages the one that appeals most to the intellectual palate. His individual preferences, of course, have much to do with the selection. The tip of his tongue may have a relish for the sensualistic school, or may revel in the exquisite creations of Daudet or Coppée. The reader of the selection is more or less at his mercy: the selector does not even let you choose from a sample, but furnishes you with a specimen of his own predilections, willy-nilly. If the selection is well-made, characteristic, representative, happy are you in having your shopping—or tipping—done for you in this immaterial way. All you have to do is to sit down, inspect, and enjoy—if you can.

In entering the jewelled world of Théophile Gautier, one is as puzzled to select among the gems for translation as one would be to pick and choose among the wonders of the Green Vault of Dresden. On the whole 'Myndart Verelst' has been fortunate in the wonder-tales he has chosen from Gautier and Mérimée as 'specimen collect' from the treasures they have left the world. Gautier's 'Avatar' is enriched with all the opulences and quaintnesses with which a consummate master of poetic French prose knew how to embroider his style. It is a piece of luscious literary archæology, an Eastern tale (transacting in Paris) heavily fringed with marvels and transformations, a puzzle in which two souls exchange and are transposed from one body to the other, amid such glitter of words and dazzle of metaphor and hailstorm of illustration that the reader becomes breathless: 'King Solomon's Mines' are nothing to it.

In complete contrast with 'Avatar,' and quite as admirably translated, is Prosper Mérimée's 'Venus of Ille,' the other story of the book,—a wonder-story like its companion, but told in such a sober style that the effect of the catastrophe is even more powerful perhaps than the inlaid-with-gold shootings and flashings of Gautier's 'Avatar.' Mérimée possesses a delicious discretion, which never lets his pen or his picture-sense run away with him. He knows just where to stop, feeling your pulse like a physician, and knowing when the supreme throb of excitement, the electric tickle

\* Tales before Supper. From Théophile Gautier and Prosper Mérimée. Told in English by Myndart Verelst. With an Introduction by Edgar Saltus. New York: Brentano Bros.

in the hair, are at hand. Gautier goes on heaping mountains of gold on hills of emerald. 'Enough' is no word in his descriptive vocabulary; to the last line he burnishes and embroiders. The two stories—introduced by a jaunty and piquant preface from the pen of Mr. Saltus—afford excellent opportunities for a comparative study of styles, and are a real boon to the lover of the marvellous. Gautier is a Hoffmann in sunset-and-gold; Mérimée is a passionless and pellucid French Hawthorne.

"The Self-Revelation of God."\*

PROF. HARRIS of Yale has long enjoyed the respect of theologians, but his work on 'The Philosophic Basis of Theism' (1883) was the first adequate witness of his acuteness and his grasp of the philosophical problems of theology. That book is now succeeded by another equally fresh and equally vigorous. The argument of the former volume was, that man is capable of knowing and serving God. This one aims to show that God has so put himself in communication with man, that man may know and serve Him. The discussion is in four parts. Part I. considers God as revealed in experience, the object of religious faith and service. Part II. considers the philosophic doctrine of Absolute Being, and makes the connection between this Absolute Being and the divinity worshipped by men. Part III. considers God as revealed in nature, and in man, and Part IV. treats of God revealed in Christ as the Redeemer. The needful subdivisions are made under each head, and at every point the positions taken are carefully tested, objections calmly weighed, and conclusions established, without arrogance, but with a firmness marked by confidence in the rationality of truth, and the mutual consistency of all truths. The book is not written in a pugnacious spirit; its dispassionate mode of treatment marks the well-balanced thinker; it is eminently a book to be read slowly and pondered, by men of whatever views. The style has no special brilliancy, but is, throughout, natural and lucid. Two points are perhaps worthy of especial remark. One is the use made of the oft-abused and oft-decried ontological argument for the being of God, in the identification of the Absolute Being of philosophy—the necessary ground and pre-condition of human thinking—with the personal object of human prayer and service—the necessary postulate of religion and the acknowledged superhuman power with which, in religious life, man avows his relation. The other is the treatment of nature and man as *media* of God's self-revelation, coördinate in reality if not in importance with the revelation in Christ. Not only theology, but practical religion, would gain immensely if this conception were more widely and fully recognized as the true one. On all grounds we take pleasure in commending the book very heartily.

Stockton's "Bee-Man of Orn."†

HERE is another *dolce paese* of story-land opened up to the children by that indefatigable navigator and explorer, Frank Stockton. Among all the fearless and chivalrous adventurers for the children's sake, he is one of the foremost, dashing recklessly out into that Sea of Imagination where Fortunate Isles abound and fairy-folk hold revel. Nobody ever interpreted the whisper in the shell or the murmur in the pines better than he—unless it be the new necromancer, Robert Louis Stevenson. In 'The Bee-Man of Orn' he delivers himself over, soul and body, to the funniest impossibilities, the wildest absurdities, the most grotesque pranks of fancy, concealing beneath a thin crust of allegory a meaning that darts up suddenly like a bee's sting and leaves a tingling souvenir of itself behind. The moral, however, is often so hidden that you don't discover it at all, or, if you do, it is wrought in on the wrong side, like Gobelin tapestry.

\* The Self-Revelation of God. By Samuel Harris, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. \$3.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† The Bee-Man of Orn, and Other Fanciful Tales. By Frank R. Stockton. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The mixture of humor and imagination, of playfulness and commonsense, of wisdom and inventiveness in these new tales, makes them taste as oddly to the intellectual palate as a bit of *angelica* bark does to the tongue. One of Shakespeare's sprites broken loose from a midsummer night's dream could hardly have conceived quainter things than teem between these olive covers. Some of them, like 'Old Pipes and the Dryad,' have a ring of idyllic poetry about them; others, like 'Prince Hassak's March,' swarm with the improbabilities that make children's tales so delightful. The Bee-Man himself is an alpha and omega of oddity, carrying in his knapsack the truth that you cannot change your nature though you travel the world over. From his 'journey into a far country,' Stockton has come back 'prodigal' indeed, just in time for Christmas and the holidays. He has been to Sand-Man's Land and brought back Old Lukoie's painted umbrella. Spread wide its wings, and let the children dream under it!

Minor Notices.

IN A NEAT little pamphlet, Benjamin & Bell have republished a satire by 'Lavante'—'The Poets and Poetry of America'—of the original edition of which (Philadelphia, 1847), only three copies, it is said, are now in existence. An effort is made in an 'Introductory Argument' to show that it may have been written by Poe; and some pages of notes are added, with the same intent. None of Poe's admirers will relish the attempt to foist this characterless production upon him. We cannot imagine even a book-hunter, caring for one of the three copies just mentioned. But a collector of literary curiosities will find the Introduction, now added, something in his line. It is absurdly clever, or, perhaps we should say, cleverly absurd. The motto, from Poe, 'A satire is, of course, no poem,' followed almost immediately by a summary of the argument in algebraic form—'Poe (poet) + Poe (eccentric) = "Lavante"'—prepares one for a few inconsistencies, but hardly for the writer's cheerful begging of the question, for his long list of authorities none of whom shows any knowledge whatever of 'Lavante,' nor for the cryptograms which he discovers in the last couplet. It is, in short, a case of the invitation being more than the dinner.

MR. A. K. MCCLURE'S 'The South: Its Industrial, Financial, and Political Condition' (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is the record of observations made by a sharp-sighted journalist during a series of journeys in ten of the Southern States, beginning at Arlington, the home of Lee, and ending at the home and grave of Henry Clay. Everywhere he finds the outlook decidedly hopeful. Northerners, he thinks, do not appreciate the energetic and determined spirit of the new South. Virginia is moving more sluggishly than her sisters, yet steadily. North Carolina has already attained a higher degree of prosperity than ever before. Alabama, at no distant day, is to wrest from Pennsylvania her supremacy as the coal and iron empire of the Union. Georgia, too, with her cotton factories and iron mills, is aiding in the creation of a new order of things. The industrial problem appears to be rapidly solving itself. The financial condition is not so pleasant to contemplate. Over several of the States hangs the cloud of repudiation, while others are struggling with immense debts. Politically, the retrospect presents a dismal picture of demagoguism and corruption, but the future is more promising. Mr. McClure gives full credit to the statesmanship and ability of such men as Revels, Bruce and Lynch, but regards negro rule as a pitiful failure. One-fifth of the volume is concerned with Florida, its orange-groves, farming lands and health resorts, with hints to prospective settlers. There are graphic descriptions of Columbia, Birmingham, Nashville, Charleston, Montgomery and other prominent cities; discussions of the race problem and the sugar industry; and entertaining accounts of visits to Mrs. Polk, Jefferson Davis, and Mrs. Wilson, author of 'Beulah.'

IN THE brief cessation of hostilities on the Andover battlefield, there is an opportunity to look about and pick up some of the ammunition with which the ground is strewn. Newspaper pellets have done a large part of the work for the attacking party, and these are rather perishable, so that most of what we gather comes from the garrison. We need here specify only a new edition of 'The Creed of Andover Theological Seminary,' by Rev. D. T. Fiske, D.D. (Cupples, Upham & Co.), which shows that the Creed was, at its formation, expressly designed to protect the liberal party of those days; then 'Professor Smyth's Argument, together with the Statements of Profs. Tucker, Harris, Hincks and Churchill,'—Prof. Smyth's defence being a most vigorous one, and Prof. Tuck-



er's statement conspicuous, as we may say without disparagement to the rest, for a kind of high-toned, chivalric Christian honor, which ought to silence those who talk about a reckless breach of contract at Andover; then Prof. T. W. Dwight's 'Argument for Prof. Egbert C. Smyth,' bristling with legal authorities. So we might go on, with a long list. We must not forget to mention 'The Great Debate' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), for although not directly concerned with Andover, it bears upon the same discussion—and, indeed, but for the relations of the American Board to the theological points at issue, public interest in the Andover case would be far less keen. 'The Great Debate' is a report of the arguments at Des Moines, last October, for and against the sending out by the A. B. C. F. M. of missionaries not prepared to categorically deny a 'second probation' for those who have not heard the gospel in this life. There can be little doubt that the more liberal party had the better of the argument. Unfortunately, in ecclesiastical bodies, as elsewhere, great questions are often decided on grounds of prejudice rather than of reason.

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in the hair, are at hand. Gautier goes on heaping mountains of gold on hills of emerald. 'Enough' is no word in his descriptive vocabulary; to the last line he burnishes and embroiders. The two stories—introduced by a jaunty and piquant preface from the pen of Mr. Saltus—afford excellent opportunities for a comparative study of styles, and are a real boon to the lover of the marvellous. Gautier is a Hoffmann in sunset-and-gold; Mérimée is a passionless and pellucid French Hawthorne.

#### "The Self-Revelation of God."\*

PROF. HARRIS of Yale has long enjoyed the respect of theologians, but his work on 'The Philosophic Basis of Theism' (1883) was the first adequate witness of his acuteness and his grasp of the philosophical problems of theology. That book is now succeeded by another equally fresh and equally vigorous. The argument of the former volume was, that man is capable of knowing and serving God. This one aims to show that God has so put himself in communication with man, that man may know and serve Him. The discussion is in four parts. Part I. considers God as revealed in experience, the object of religious faith and service. Part II. considers the philosophic doctrine of Absolute Being, and makes the connection between this Absolute Being and the divinity worshipped by men. Part III. considers God as revealed in nature, and in man, and Part IV. treats of God revealed in Christ as the Redeemer. The needful subdivisions are made under each head, and at every point the positions taken are carefully tested, objections calmly weighed, and conclusions established, without arrogance, but with a firmness marked by confidence in the rationality of truth, and the mutual consistency of all truths. The book is not written in a pugnacious spirit; its dispassionate mode of treatment marks the well-balanced thinker; it is eminently a book to be read slowly and pondered, by men of whatever views. The style has no special brilliancy, but is, throughout, natural and lucid. Two points are perhaps worthy of especial remark. One is the use made of the oft-abused and oft-decried ontological argument for the being of God, in the identification of the Absolute Being of philosophy—the necessary ground and pre-condition of human thinking—with the personal object of human prayer and service—the necessary postulate of religion and the acknowledged superhuman power with which, in religious life, man avows his relation. The other is the treatment of nature and man as *media* of God's self-revelation, coördinate in reality if not in importance with the revelation in Christ. Not only theology, but practical religion, would gain immensely if this conception were more widely and fully recognized as the true one. On all grounds we take pleasure in commending the book very heartily.

#### Stockton's "Bee-Man of Orn."†

HERE is another *dolce paese* of story-land opened up to the children by that indefatigable navigator and explorer, Frank Stockton. Among all the fearless and chivalrous adventurers for the children's sake, he is one of the foremost, dashing recklessly out into that Sea of Imagination where Fortunate Isles abound and fairy-folk hold revel. Nobody ever interpreted the whisper in the shell or the murmur in the pines better than he—unless it be the new necromancer, Robert Louis Stevenson. In 'The Bee-Man of Orn' he delivers himself over, soul and body, to the funniest impossibilities, the wildest absurdities, the most grotesque pranks of fancy, concealing beneath a thin crust of allegory a meaning that darts up suddenly like a bee's sting and leaves a tingling souvenir of itself behind. The moral, however, is often so hidden that you don't discover it at all, or, if you do, it is wrought in on the wrong side, like Gobelin tapestry.

\*The Self-Revelation of God. By Samuel Harris, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. \$3.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†The Bee-Man of Orn, and Other Fanciful Tales. By Frank R. Stockton. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The mixture of humor and imagination, of playfulness and commonsense, of wisdom and inventiveness in these new tales, makes them taste as oddly to the intellectual palate as a bit of *angelica* bark does to the tongue. One of Shakespeare's sprites broken loose from a midsummer night's dream could hardly have conceived quainter things than teem between these olive covers. Some of them, like 'Old Pipes and the Dryad,' have a ring of idyllic poetry about them; others, like 'Prince Hassak's March,' swarm with the improbabilities that make children's tales so delightful. The Bee-Man himself is an alpha and omega of oddity, carrying in his knapsack the truth that you cannot change your nature though you travel the world over. From his 'journey into a far country,' Stockton has come back 'prodigal' indeed, just in time for Christmas and the holidays. He has been to Sand-Man's Land and brought back Old Lukoie's painted umbrella. Spread wide its wings, and let the children dream under it!

#### Minor Notices.

IN A NEAT little pamphlet, Benjamin & Bell have republished a satire by 'Lavante'—'The Poets and Poetry of America'—of the original edition of which (Philadelphia, 1847), only three copies, it is said, are now in existence. An effort is made in an 'Introductory Argument' to show that it may have been written by Poe; and some pages of notes are added, with the same intent. None of Poe's admirers will relish the attempt to foist this characterless production upon him. We cannot imagine even a book-hunter, caring for one of the three copies just mentioned. But a collector of literary curiosities will find the Introduction, now added, something in his line. It is absurdly clever, or, perhaps we should say, cleverly absurd. The motto, from Poe, 'A satire is, of course, no poem,' followed almost immediately by a summary of the argument in algebraic form—'Poe (poet) + Poe (eccentric) = "Lavante"'—prepares one for a few inconsistencies, but hardly for the writer's cheerful begging of the question, for his long list of authorities none of whom shows any knowledge whatever of 'Lavante,' nor for the cryptograms which he discovers in the last couplet. It is, in short, a case of the invitation being more than the dinner.

MR. A. K. MCCLURE'S 'The South: Its Industrial, Financial, and Political Condition' (J. B. Lippincott Co.), is the record of observations made by a sharp-sighted journalist during a series of journeys in ten of the Southern States, beginning at Arlington, the home of Lee, and ending at the home and grave of Henry Clay. Everywhere he finds the outlook decidedly hopeful. Northerners, he thinks, do not appreciate the energetic and determined spirit of the new South. Virginia is moving more sluggishly than her sisters, yet steadily. North Carolina has already attained a higher degree of prosperity than ever before. Alabama, at no distant day, is to wrest from Pennsylvania her supremacy as the coal and iron empire of the Union. Georgia, too, with her cotton factories and iron mills, is aiding in the creation of a new order of things. The industrial problem appears to be rapidly solving itself. The financial condition is not so pleasant to contemplate. Over several of the States hangs the cloud of repudiation, while others are struggling with immense debts. Politically, the retrospect presents a dismal picture of demagoguism and corruption, but the future is more promising. Mr. McClure gives full credit to the statesmanship and ability of such men as Revels, Bruce and Lynch, but regards negro rule as a pitiful failure. One-fifth of the volume is concerned with Florida, its orange-groves, farming lands and health resorts, with hints to prospective settlers. There are graphic descriptions of Columbia, Birmingham, Nashville, Charleston, Montgomery and other prominent cities; discussions of the race problem and the sugar industry; and entertaining accounts of visits to Mrs. Polk, Jefferson Davis, and Mrs. Wilson, author of 'Beulah.'

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of the general plan, the Episcopalian, for instance, is very fond of the Prayer-Book, but laments the strict adherence to it which forbids the use of any prayer not in it. He gives, as a striking example of the obstinate clinging to ritualistic custom, the embarrassment of the Episcopal Convention that happened to be in session during the Chicago fire. The telegram of the awful danger to the city was read before the council, and they felt the need of prayer, but unhappily had no prayer in the Prayer-Book for such an innovation as a burning city. The best they could do was to go through the Litany, which, as the writer expresses it, prays for everything in the world but a burning city. Extempore prayer was not to be thought of, even in the most awful emergency. The helpfulness of these criticisms comes from the fact that they issue from the fold itself, and so bear witness to a general lessening of the prejudice that once could see no faults in what it had espoused.

#### Recent Fiction.

'MIGNON'S HUSBAND,' by John Strange Winter (Harper's Handy Series), is a pretty story of the romance belonging to a little lady who has figured conspicuously of late in popular fiction. The tale is slight, but pleasing, as have been all the Mignon novelettes; but there is this drawback to the continual reappearance of old heroes and heroines: in the multiplicity of romances one has read since he first read about Mignon, for instance, he finds that he has forgotten the necessary facts in her earlier history to make the new volume wholly enjoyable.—'MATTIE'S SECRET,' from the French of Emile Desbeaux (Routledge), with one hundred illustrations, is in many respects a very excellent little book for young readers. It is really a compilation of chapters adapted to children's intelligence on such topics as coal-mines, diamonds, lead-pencils, beer, torpedoes, dynamite, gunpowder, pianos, laces, and other interesting subjects of wide variety and no connection with each other. All of this is entertaining and instructive; but the foolish device of making it seem like a story, by introducing a Maggie whose 'secret' is that she gives up a lover to remain by her blind brother and tell him these instructive facts, is absurd and tedious.—'MORE TRUE THAN TRUTHFUL,' by Mrs. Charles M. Clarke (Franklin Square Library), is a story which perhaps some people will read, about the deceptions of people who want to keep up appearances. The theme is a good one, but the treatment is strained and poor.—'SCAPEGRACE DICK,' by Frances Mary Peard (Whittaker), is a very good story; not so much because Dick is such a good scapegrace, as because the historical background gives young people a vivid and interesting picture of the time when the English and the Dutch were contending for the mastery of the sea. The story is never tedious, and the young reader will never forget his impression of the two great admirals, Blake and Van Tromp.

ONE OF the cleverest and most entertaining little skits that we have had for many a day is 'An Operetta in Profile,' by Czeika. (Ticknor). It purports to be the history of an attempt in a small suburban town to raise money for the church by an original operetta, full of local hits. The subject is suggestive enough as a target for sarcasm, but the treatment lifts the little theme quite out of the range of ordinary burlesque, into the sphere of really brilliant satire. A young lady is supposed to write the account; but, as in the case of the Ophelia of college theatricals, one hears a tone in the voice that betrays a man hidden in the draperies. The story is a rapid and uncommonly clever succession of telling ironies, blow falling on blow till you have at last only a sense of having been immensely amused, cunningly caricatured, and pinned down yourself to the exhibition-board of the keen-sighted author. It would be impossible to quote adequately from such a ceaseless flow of wit and sarcasm; but one sentence we may take at random, to give some notion of the flavor of the whole: 'It was very easy to find the writer, for there was but one woman in town capable of it,—a woman much despised by us for her cleverness, as a late fashion or invention is set at nought in a country village; she was very subject to new and excellent ideas, that we at first ridiculed, and then adopted, but for which we never forgave her; and—crowning weakness!—being very simple and magnanimous (I am not sure, by the way, that one of these qualities is not a consequence of the other), she was continually assisting her enemies and obliging her detractors,—for which she received her just due of contempt.'

#### Confessions of a Philistine.

##### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

GREAT men have been telling us what great books have shaped their thoughts and fortunes, and what authors are, from their point of view, the best. As interesting and suggestive would be a confession of aid (or non aid) from books, on the part of those who never make them, provided there were none of the insincerity one

half suspects in the declarations of the eminent. If the confession of a sample plebeian is of any moment, here it is:

The book I owe the most to is Bulwer's 'Strange Story,' for it made me think. Falling into my hands in the fore-castle of a merchantman, it supplied cogitation on subjects beyond this ignorant present through the weary night watches and turns of lookout duty. It proved a sharper incentive to study than any book I ever encountered. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did service as a demonstration of human equality, never thereafter to be disregarded. Starr King's 'White Hills' and Bayard Taylor's 'Views Afoot' were inspirations to foot it for myself, with valuable results in the way of health, independence and such information as we gain in globe-trotting. The reading of Dickens's works in boyhood gave me the first delight that literary work *per se* had afforded, all previous reading having been for the sake of story. The novels that have pleased me best are 'David Copperfield,' 'The Scarlet Letter,' 'Lorna Doone,' 'Jane Eyre,' 'Cristowell,' Poe's stories, 'Archibald Malmaison' and 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' I admire Thoreau and reverence Emerson, and accept them as guides and teachers, and have been converted by Darwin, Ingersoll and Henry George. The grandeur of Shakspeare and Æschylus, the gentleness of Irving, the humor of Mark Twain and the grave sweetness of Hawthorne have furnished me with many delights. The Bible has been of little use to me, for whenever I have been good it was because of tendency and training. Poetry, except when it describes natural scenery, or in the flash of a line exhibits a beautiful figure or convincing aphorism, is as devoid of charm to me as mathematics, or statistics, or politics, or theology, or any similar affliction. Most of the classics are bores. I don't care a straw for any writer whose name ends in *es* or *us*, excepting Æschylus; and while I have read Homer, Dante and Milton as a duty, I have no desire to read them again. I would like to like Thackeray, but can not; the parlors, dining-rooms, offices and clubs where he spends his time make me gasp for fresh air; his genealogies are ineffably dreary; and his show of caste distinctions inflames my republican blood. In Fielding, Smollett, Cooper and Balzac, I take but languid interest; Mr. Howells fatigues me; Henry James stirs all my evil passions; history I find respectable and dull, and there are thousands of books yearly pouring from the press that I am not perishing to read. But then, I am

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1887.

A PHILISTINE.

#### "Prof. Gustavi."

##### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

MR. GOSSE, by his interesting letter printed in THE CRITIC of Sept. 15, has brought into my mind recollections of a man who called himself Prof. Gustavi. It was in the summer of 1865, perhaps in June or July, that this man made his appearance at Calhoun; a little town in North Georgia, on the Western and Atlantic Railway. He professed, at first, to be a Count or Baron, or something of the sort, looking for a good place in which to settle a colony; but he soon acknowledged the crime of extreme poverty, and began trying to find some one to whom he might administer small doses of learning. He could teach anything, he said—French, German, Italian, mathematics, engineering, etc. I (being to be boarding at the little hotel wherein he lodged, and so (being hungry and thirsty for knowledge) I became his pupil. He undertook to set me right in some of the problems of differential calculus and of engineering. If I recollect well, I studied with him four or five days, and paid him a dollar a day. Then he disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as he had come. I was a mere youth then, and I have some difficulty in remembering Gustavi's form and features. He was an old man, however, with white, or almost white hair, gray eyes, I think, and he wore gold-rimmed glasses. His nose was rather large and his beard full, but, I think, thin. He may have been slightly bald, but I am not sure. He wore his hat almost constantly. As I recall his form it was not especially striking; medium in size, or a little over, a slight stoop to rather good shoulders for one so old. His movements were rather quick, though in walking he shuffled his feet somewhat in the manner of an opium-eater. He grumbled mightily touching the food he had to eat, which was very bad food indeed; and he complained of intestinal torpidity. I cannot recall much that he said about himself; but I do distinctly remember that he had been robbed of valuables, among which were maps, drawing materials and, perhaps, MSS., or books of memoranda. He said nothing that I remember about being an author, nor did he claim Sweden as his country. He used to walk back and forth pounding and kneading his stomach with his hands. That he was a man of great intellectual force I cannot doubt. One day he picked up in my room a copy of 'La Nouvelle Heloise,' whereupon he began to pour forth an eloquent commen-



tary upon Jean Jaques and his philosophy, from which he drifted into a plea for mild anarchy. This is the only talk of his that I remember vividly. No matter who he was, Prof. Gustavi had wide and varied knowledge of books and men. He must have been no ordinary man, no mere adventurer and pretender; but he was eccentric and mysterious. One morning I arose from bed early, and went up the little mountain back of the town to shoot squirrels. When I returned I was informed that Prof. Gustavi had disappeared, at some time during the night, without the ceremony of paying his bill. Then I remembered that he had borrowed a few dollars of me over and above what I had paid him for tuition.

I am not sure whether the railroad was at that time in order northward, but I think it was. At all events I did not pursue my absconding tutor. Those were rather wild days in that mountain region. We did not think much of a petty crime, for the woods were full of outlaws; and, moreover, we were sadly toasting our shins by the embers of our burnt-up homes, and glaring askance at Destiny. I have never seen any Almquist literature except Mr. Gosse's, and I do not know how well or ill my description of Prof. Gustavi suits the celebrated Swede. By the way, in the present American edition of 'The Encyclopædia Britannica'—Scribner's—the Lincoln story is preserved *en toutes lettres*. I give my story to Mr. Gosse just as I now remember the facts; but if it appear that I probably had Almquist for a tutor, I will take great pleasure in attempting to collect all the facts that may be in the memory of others who met and conversed with Prof. Gustavi during his stay in Calhoun. Turn out as it may, there is a coincidence worth noting in the name, the date, and the general facts, when my story is compared with Almquist's. I am impressed with a doubt about my man's age. He may have been past seventy; but if he was, he had kept his body and his mind very well indeed. He would have passed for not over sixty-five at the highest, as I now recall him, but I cannot bring him up clearly at all. I should be glad to hear from Mr. Gosse.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND, Sept. 22, 1887.

### The Lounger

MISS G. MENDUM, to whose literary labors I referred last week, writes to say that the anonymous correspondent who sent 'the surprising news that I am translating Lamartine's poems, and the yet more surprising news that I am a "writer of promise"' was ill-advised. 'I have never had any serious intention of translating Lamartine, . . . and I regret that any of my friends should have been sufficiently indiscreet to assume the rôle of Anonymous and spread so silly a report—not to speak of the embarrassing position in which I am placed.'

MRS. BROOKFIELD has sent to Mr. Charles Aldrich, for his Iowa State Library collection of autographs, two or three specimens of the handwriting of Thackeray—a handwriting familiar to all readers of *Scribner's Magazine*; and Mr. Aldrich has kindly consented to my printing them. One of these is signed with the writer's full name. It was one of the first Mrs. Brookfield received from him, and was one of the very few which he signed in full.

My dear Mrs. Brookfield:—I have just been to Mrs. Pratt the worsted lady, and have told her how the jacket is too small. She will send somebody this ev'g or to-morrow and I hope that person will be able to remedy the defect: and that the little jacket will keep its owner warm through the winter. Believe me dear Mrs. Brookfield always truly yours.

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE longest manuscript is a fragment, which happened to be among the letters without any explanation. It was originally dated 'March 25, 1862.'

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

March 18, 1862.

Ladies and Gentlemen (who will continue in spite of the standing notice below\* to send papers to the Editor's private residence, perhaps you will direct the postman to some other house, when you learn that the Editor of the Cornhill Magazine no longer lives in mine.

My esteemed successor lives at No. — But I will not intrude upon the poor man's brief interval of quiet. He will have troubles enough in that Thorn-cushioned Editorial Chair wh. is forwarded to him by the Parcels (Happy) Delivery Company.

In our first number, ladies and gentlemen, your obedient servant likened himself to the Captain of a Ship, to wh. and to whom I wished a pleasant voyage. Pleasant! Those who have travelled on shipboard know what a careworn, oppressed, uncomfortable man the Captain is. Meals disturbed, quiet impossible, rest interrupted—such is the lot of Captains. This one resigns his commission. I had rather have a quiet life than gold-lace and epaulets: and deeper than did ever plummet sound I fling my speaking trumpet. Once in a voyage to America I met

a Sea-Captain who was passenger in the ship wh. he formerly had commanded. No man could be more happy, cheerful, courteous than this. He rode through the gale with the most perfect confidence in the ship and its Captain.

Here the page ends, and with it the manuscript, leaving the parallel incomplete.

THE following letter was written at the Garrick Club, in '51 or '52.

GARRICK, Saturday.

\* My dear Brookfield:—I am going to a city-dinner and a soirée afterwards that I must attend, so that the Gibraltar cigars must be smoked some other night. I finished my book yesterday; and, having promised the Infants a tour when it was done, we shall be off pretty soon—and travel very likely over our ground of last year. Then I leave 'em at Paris—and then ingens æquor and America. God bless you all.

W. M. T.

I AM STRUCK, in looking over 'An Unknown Country,' by the author of 'John Halifax,' which Messrs. Harper have just published, with the prominence given to the fact that the illustrations are by Frederick Noel Paton. It is a bright and breezy book, delightful to read as an antidote to the stories of rack-rent, boycott and eviction, of Land League, Plan of Campaign and repression of agrarian crime, with which the papers teem from day to day. And the illustrations are as pleasing as the text. But why is not the illustrator, or the author, or the publisher, or whoever has such matters in charge, satisfied with the announcement on the title-page that the volume is 'Illustrated by Frederick Noel Paton'? Why is it necessary, in addition to that, to put at the bottom of each picture, 'From a drawing by F. Noel Paton'?—why more necessary, for instance, than to put the author's name at the end of every chapter? I have often seen the same thing done before, and suppose there is some excellent reason for doing it; but it has only now occurred to me to ask the *raison d'être* of the practice.

M. LE BEC, a French savant, declares that civilized humanity is losing the sense of smell. As compared with savage humanity, it may be said to have lost it already. We should not be inconsolably sorry to lose this one of our five senses: it is certainly the one we could best spare. The rose is sweet and gratifying to the nostrils, call it by what name you will; but even if it were odorless, or mankind lacked the sense of smell, it would still be beautiful to look upon. On the whole the nose is oftener offended than pleased by the scents that greet it, so that with our other four senses intact, there would yet remain sufficient opportunities of enjoyment to make life tolerable.

THE WORST of it is, that M. Le Bec predicts the loss of the nose itself, as a necessary consequence of its loss of functional power. This is a serious matter. Think of the trouble the wax nose of M. About's notary gave that worthy gentleman! And no nose at all would be worse than a wax one. If this were not so, the notary wouldn't have taken such pains with his artificial feature. Of course if no one had a nose, every one would find his own loss easier to bear. The size of the present nasal appendage of one of the races that have been longest civilized encourages us to hope that M. Le Bec (the name excites suspicion) is a false prophet. If he is not, says *The St. James's Gazette*, we will have to revise our standard of comeliness. 'It may be that the civilized man of the future will see no beauty in a Greek statue unless it has lost its nose, which, it is true, is the case with most of them.' It might not be too soon for a certain accident insurance company to gauge the value of noses, now that they are threatened with extinction. Blessings brighten as they take their flight, and every day adds to the market value of the vanishing feature.

### Andrew Lang on Literary Plagiarism.

[*The Contemporary Review*.]

ACCORDING to a recent biographer of Byron, originality can be expected from nobody except a lunatic, a hermit, or a sensational novelist. This hasty remark is calculated to prejudice novelists, lunatics, and hermits. People will inevitably turn to these members of society (if we can speak thus of hermits and lunatics), and ask them for originality, and fail to get it, and express disappointment. For all lunatics are like other lunatics, and, no more than sane men, can they do anything original. As for hermits, one hermit is the very image of his brother solitary. There remain sensational novelists to bear the brunt of the world's demand for the absolutely unheard-of, and, naturally, they cannot supply the article. So mankind falls on them, and calls them plagiarists. It is enough to make some novelists turn lunatics, and others turn hermits.

'Of all forms of theft,' says Voltaire indulgently, 'plagiarism is the least dangerous to society!' It may be added that, of all forms of consolation, to shout 'plagiarism' is the most comforting to authors who have failed, or amateurs who have never had the pluck to try. For this reason, probably, a new play seldom succeeds but some unlucky amateur produces his battered old MS., and declares that the fortunate author has stolen from him, who hath Fortune for his foe. Indeed, without this resource it is not known how unaccepted theatrical writers would endure their lot in life. But if stealing is so ready a way to triumph, then humanity may congratulate itself on the wide prevalence of moral sentiments. So very few people greatly succeed (and scarce any one who does not is called a thief) that even if all successful persons are proved robbers, there must be a lofty standard of honesty in literature. On the other hand it is a melancholy fact that the very greatest men of all—Shakspeare, Molière, Virgil (that furtive Mantuan), Pausanias, Theocritus, and Lord Tennyson—are all liable to the charge of theft, as that charge is understood by the *advocatus Diaboli*. It is a little odd, not only that our greatest are so small, but that our smallest—the persons who bark at the chariot of every passing triumph—are so great. They have never stolen, or nothing worth stealing, or nothing that any one would buy. But Dante: why, the whole idea of a visit to Hell, and a record of it, was a stock topic in early mediæval literature. But Bunyan: every library possesses, or may possess, half a dozen earlier Progresses by earlier Pilgrims. But Virgil: when he is not pilfering from Homer or Theocritus (who notoriously robbed Sophron) he has his hand in the pocket of Apollonius Rhodius. No doubt Bavius and Mævius mentioned these truths in their own literary circle. No doubt they did not gloss over the matter, but frankly remarked that the 'Æneid' was a *pastiche*, a string of plagiarisms, a success due to Court influence, and the mutual admiration of Horace, Varro, and some other notorious characters. Yet the 'Æneid' remains a rather unusual piece of work.

Some one, probably Gibbon, has remarked about some crime or other, that it is 'difficult to commit, and almost impossible to prove.' The reverse is the truth about plagiarism. That crime is easy to prove, and almost impossible to commit. The facility of proof is caused by the readiness of men to take any accusation of this sort for granted, and by the very natural lack of popular reflection about the laws that govern literary composition. Any two passages, or situations, or ideas, that resemble each other, or are declared to resemble each other when they do not, are, to the mind of the unliterary person, a sufficient basis for a charge of plagiarism. These circumstances account for the ease with which plagiarism is proved. Yet it is difficult, if not impossible, to commit. For he who is charged with plagiarism is almost invariably guilty of a literary success. Now, even the poorest and most temporary literary success (say that of a shilling novel) rests on the production of a *new thing*. The book that really wins the world, even for a week, from its taxes, and politics, and wars and rumors of war, must be in some way striking and novel. The newness may lie in force of fancy, or in charm of style, or in both; or in mere craftsman's skill, or in high spirits, or in some unusual moral sympathy and insight, or in various combinations of these things. In all such cases, and always, it is what is *new*, it is the whole impact of the book as one thing, that enables it to make its way to the coveted front. Now, what is stolen cannot be new; it can be nothing but the common-places of situation, and incident, and idea—each of them as old as fiction in one shape or other. Not the matter, but the casting of the matter; not the stuff, but the form given to the stuff, makes the novel, the novelty, and the success. Now, nobody can steal the form; nobody, as in the old story (or nobody except a piratical publisher), can 'steal the brooms ready-made.' The success or failure lies not in the materials, but in the making of the brooms, and no dullard can make anything, even if he steals all his materials. On the other hand, genius, or even considerable talent, can make a great deal, if it chooses, even out of stolen material—if any of the material of literature can be properly said to be stolen, and is not rather the possession of whoever likes to pick it up.

On this view of the matter, the only real plagiarism is that defined in the Latin dictionary. *Plagiarius*, 'a man-stealer, kidnapper' so used by Cicero and Seneca. Secondly, 'a literary thief (one who gives himself out to be the author of another's book).' Martial uses the word (i. 52):—

My books, my Quintian to thee  
I send—if I may call them mine—  
For still your Poet, who but he,  
Recites them,—well, if they repine,  
In that their slavery do thou  
Come to their rescue and befriend them  
And raise the hue and cry, and vow

The hand that wrote them now doth send them,  
You'll aid them much by this relief,  
And bring confusion on the thief!

Here 'thief' is *plagiarius*, and a thief the rival poet is, for he gives himself out to be the author of another's book, and steals it ready-made.

This is the only perfect plagiarism, according to the definition—namely, the claiming of a work of art which belongs to another man. Now, plainly this kind of plagiarism is rare, nor would it be easy to mention a case in which it has been successful. In a number of novels we meet the story of a man who comes into possession of a book in manuscript, perhaps the deposit of a friend, and who publishes the work as a performance of his own. Such a man is a *plagiarius*; he casts his net (*plaga*) over the property of another. In real life it might be impossible to find an example of success in this kind of robbery. There are, unluckily, plenty of men and women who take credit among their relations and friends, for the authorship of anonymous books which have been successful. They are 'claimants,' like the Tichborne pretender, rather than successful plagiarists. The case of George Eliot and 'Adam Bede' is well known. There was a person named Liggins who gave himself out for the author, and even reaped some social if not pecuniary benefit. In the same way, but on a smaller scale, there were various pretenders to the honor of having written a certain essay in *The Saturday Review*, 'The Girl of the Period.' According to the actual writer, one of the pretenders was a clergyman. About twelve years ago an admired poet had great trouble with a married lady who asserted that the poet's real name was her assumed *nom de guerre*. Her husband, naturally, was well deceived by this fair *retiaria* and caster of the *plaga* over other people's poems. Though it has nothing to do with the question of plagiarism, let us commiserate unlucky persons of letters whose real names, somehow, sound like assumed names. It is a misfortune they can scarcely recover from, and probably many people in the country still believe that Lord Lytton wrote 'Evan Harrington' and 'Richard Feverel.'

Mr. Liggins did not succeed in the long run, nor does literary history, perhaps, contain a single example of the triumph of a literary Perkin Warbeck. Only in very unusual and fantastic circumstances could he hope to keep the goods he stole ready-made. In the last novel on this situation, the pretender had every reason to believe that the true author of the MS. was drowned at sea. Unlucky and illadvised pretender! The sea invariably gives up her dead—in novels. Short of such an unexpected accident as the sea's not giving up her dead, how is the true plagiarist to feel comfortable with his stolen goods? Almost his only chance, and that a bad one, would be by way of translation from some little-known language. Not long ago a story or novel by a modern author was published in a periodical. Presently the editor got a letter from a correspondent, offering to furnish 'the sequel of your little tale from the Basque,' or whatever the original language may have been. Yes, it is very difficult to find a language safe to steal from. Let me confess that, in a volume of tales written by way of holiday tasks, I once conveyed a passage from the Zulu. There could not have been a more bare-faced theft, and no doubt, in the present inflamed condition of the moral sense, somebody would have denounced me, had the tale been successful. But as long as you do not excite the pretty passion of envy, you may drive the Zulu cows unnoticed. There were only about three lines in the passage after all. The coolness of plagiarism has occasionally been displayed on a larger scale, as when a novelist boldly took a whole battle scene out of Kinglake's 'History of the Crimean War.' He was found out, but he did not seem to care much. Probably this particularly daring theft was a mere piece of mischief—a kind of practical joke. What other explanation can be given of Mr. Disraeli's raid on M. Thiers, and the speech about General Saint-Cyr? Of course, Mr. Disraeli could have made a better speech for himself. Thefts of this kind, like certain literary forgeries, are prompted by the tricky spirit of Puck. But the joke is not in good taste, and is dangerous to play, because the majority of mankind will fail to see the fun of it, and will think the thief a thief in sober earnest. Only a humorous race would have made a God of Hermes, who stole cattle from the day his mother cradled him.

From these and similar cases, the difficulty, the all but impossibility, of successful plagiarism becomes manifest. If you merely use old ideas (and there are no new ideas), and so produce a fresh combination, a fresh whole, you are not a plagiarist at all. If you boldly annex the novel ready-made, either by way of translation, or publication of a manuscript not your own, you are instantly found out, and probably never get back your reputation. It appears that Mr. Charles Reade, in the 'Wandering Heir,' 'bodily appropriated' twenty or thirty lines of a little-known poem of Dean Swift's, de-



scriptive of fashionable life in Dublin. Mr. Reade appears to have used this poem in such a way as to make the public think it was his own composition. If he did, he acted, to say the least, with very great rashness. He reckoned without the unsuccessful novelist, and the unsuccessful novelist's family. Of course he was 'denounced as a plagiarist by two anonymous writers, who afterwards turned out to be a not very successful rival novelist and his wife.' These 'lynx-eyed detectives' do, pretty often, 'turn out to be' unsuccessful novelists and their kinsmen. Mr. Reade then uttered loud cries of wrath, and spoke of 'masked batteries manned by anonymuncula, pseudo-nymuncula, and skunkula.\*'

'He contended that to transplant a few lines out of Swift, and to weld them with other topics in a heterogeneous work, was not plagiarism, but one of every true inventor's processes, and that only an inventor could do it well.' The whole affair was not worth much consideration, but Mr. Reade's theory of what a true inventor might lawfully do was certainly a little advanced. A lump of such a brilliant manufactured article as a poem by Swift would be apt to look incongruous even in a true inventor's prose, and certainly was appropriated ready-made. If Swift's notions about Dublin society had been adopted, and had informed the prose of Mr. Reade, a legitimate use would have been made of the material. Or, if Mr. Reade had said, 'the Dean of St. Patrick's wrote thus on the subject,' then once more the propriety of the quotation would have been unimpeachable. But perhaps the former of these suggestions will be demurred to by our moralists. There appears to be an idea that a novelist must acknowledge, in a preface or in footnotes, every suggestion of fact which comes to him from any quarter. For example, I write a novel in which a man is poisoned by *curari*. Am I to add a note saying, 'These details as to the Macusi tribe are extracted from Wallace, from Bates, and from Brett's "Indians of Guiana" (London: Bell and Daldy, 1878). I have also to acknowledge the kind assistance of Professor Von Selber of Lieden. For another and earlier example of a somewhat similar use of this drug, the curious may consult "Le Crime de l'Omnibus," by M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, to whose practice, however, science may urge certain pathological objections.'

This kind of thing is customary and appropriate in books of learning, but it seems incredible pedantry to demand such explanations from authors of works of fancy. When the scene of a story and the manners of the peoples described are not known to a novelist by personal experience, he must get his information out of books. For example, any reader of the first volume of Mr. Payn's 'By Proxy' might fancy that Mr. Payn had passed his life in the Flowery Land. But this is believed to be a false impression, caused by the novelist's ingenious use of works of travel. Is he bound to acknowledge every scrap of information in a preface or a note? The idea is absurd. A novel would become a treatise, like Bekker's 'Charicles.' The effect of this conscientiousness may be studied in the 'Epicurean' of the late Mr. Thomas Moore, where there are plentiful citations, on every page, of Egyptologists—for the most part exploded. The story would be better without the notes, which are useless in the age of Maspero and Mariette. Of course, if any novelist can make his notes as delightful as Sir Walter Scott's, the more he gives us the better we shall be pleased—provided they come at the end of the volume.

All ideas are old; all situations have been invented and tried, or almost all. Probably a man of genius might make a good story even out of a selected assortment of the very oldest devices in romance. Miss Thackeray made capital stories out of the fairy tales, that are older than Rameses II., and were even published by a scribe of that monarch's. Give Mr. Besant or Mr. Stevenson two lovers, and insist that, in telling these lovers' tale, the following incidents shall occur:

*A Sprained Ankle.*

*An Attack by a Bull.*

*A Proposal in a Conservatory, watched by a Jealous Rival.*

*A Lost Will.*

*An Intercepted Correspondence.*

Even out of these incidents it is probable that either of the authors mentioned could produce a novel that would soothe pain and charm exile. Nor would they be accused of plagiarism, because the ideas are, even by the most ignorant or envious, recognised as part of the common stock-in-trade.

Now, it is a fact that almost every notion and situation is as much part of the common stock-in-trade as those old friends. The 'Odyssey,' for example, might be shown to contain almost all the material of the romance that is accepted as outside of ordinary experience. For instance, in 'She' we find a wondrous woman, who holds a man in her hollow caves (note the *caves*, there are caves in Homer), and offers him the gift of immortality. Obviously this is

the position of Odysseus and Calypso. Rousseau remarked that the whole plot of the 'Odyssey' would have been ruined by a letter from Odysseus to Penelope. Rousseau had not studied Wolf; but had letters been commonly written in Homer's time, the poet would have bribed one of Penelope's women to intercept them. Homer did not use that incident, because he did not need it; but all his incidents were of primeval antiquity, even in his own time; he plagiarized them from popular stories; he stole the Cyclops almost ready-made.\*

There are, doubtless, exceptions to this rule of the universality and public character of the stock of fiction. These exceptions are rather of an empirical sort, and should be avoided chiefly for the sake of weak brethren, who go about writing long letters in the newspapers.

A few instances may be given from personal experience. A novelist once visited the writer in high spirits. Certain events of a most extraordinary nature had just occurred to him, events which would appear incredible if I ventured to narrate them. My visitor meant to make them the subject of a story, which he sketched, 'But you *can't*,' I said; 'that's the plot of "Ferdinand's Folly,"' and I named a book which had just arrived *sub luminis oras*. He had not heard of 'Ferdinand's Folly,' but he went away sad, for he was a young man that had been robbed of a great opportunity. But he was presently consoled by receiving a letter from another author, a gentleman of repute in more than one branch of literature. 'I have just read your "Daisy's Dream"' said this author, 'and I find that there is a scene in it which is also in my unpublished work, "Psamathœ." He then described the scene, which certainly did appear of glaring originality—if anything could be original. 'Nobody will believe two people could have invented this; and what am I to do?' said the second unfortunate author; and indeed I do not know what he did, or whether 'Psamathœ' was punished by an early doom for her unconscious plagiarism. The study of the diffusion of popular tales seems to show that there is no incident which may not be invented over and over again—in Siberia, or Samoa. These coincidences will also occur in civilized literature; but some examples are so astonishing that the small fry of moralists are certain to shout 'Stop thief.' On the whole, an author thus anticipated had better stop before they shout, but it was the merest accident that gave pause to the two novelists of these anecdotes. Alas! unconscious of their doom, the little victims might have published.

Another very hard case lately came under my notice. A novelist invented and described to me a situation which was emphatically new, because it rested on the existence of a certain scientific instrument, which was new also. The author was maturing the plot, when he chanced to read a review of some new work (I never saw it, and have forgotten its name), in which the incident and the instrument appeared. Now, may this author write his own tale, or may he not? If he does (and if it succeeds), he will be hailed as an abandoned rogue; and yet it is his own invention. Probably it is wiser to 'endure and abstain'; otherwise, the 'lynx-eyed detectives' will bring out their old learning, and we shall be told once more how Ben Johnson stole 'Drink to me only with thine eyes' from—Pisistratus! This I lately learned from a newspaper.

Thus it appears that, though plagiarism is hardly a possible offence, it is more discreet not to use situations which have either made one very definite impression on the world of readers, or which have been very recently brought out. For example: it is distinctly daring to make a priest confess his unsuspected sin in a sermon. The notion is public property; but every one is reminded of Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter.' Thus the situation is a thing to avoid; as certain measures—that of 'In Memoriam' for example—are to be avoided in poetry. The metre is everybody's property, but it at once recalls the poem wherein the noblest use was made of it. Again, double personality is a theme open to all the world: Gautier and Poe and Eugène Sue all used it; but it is wiser to leave it alone while people have a vivid memory of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It is not inconceivable that an author might use the old notion as brilliantly and with as much freshness as Mr. Stevenson has done; it is certain that if he tries, he will be howled at by the moral mob. A novelist may keep these precautions in his mind; but if, though he writes good books, he is not a bookish man, he will be constantly and unwittingly offending people who do not write good books, although they are bookish. Thus it lately happened to me to see an illustration of an unpublished work, in which a wounded and dying warrior was using his last force to break, with singular consequences, the weapon that had been his lifelong companion. I knew (being bookish) the incident was perfectly familiar to me, but I could not remember where I had met it before. It haunted me like the names which you try to recover

\* How Charles Reade Worked, *St. James's Gazette*, May 3, 1887.

\* Gerland: Alt-Griechische Märchen in der Odyssee.

from faithless memory, and one day it flashed on me that this incident was at least eight hundred years old. But I leave (not its source, for the novelist who is no bookman had probably never tasted of that literary fountain), but the place of its early appearance, to be remembered or discovered by any one who is curious enough to consult his memory or his library. But here another question arises: let it be granted that the novelist first found the situation where I found it, and is there any reason in the world why he should not make what is a thoroughly original use of it? The imagination or invention needed for this particular adaptation was at least as vivid and romantic as the original conception, which, again, might occur, and may have occurred, separately to minds in Japan and Peru.

I have chiefly spoken of plagiarism in fiction, for there is little need to speak of plagiarism in poetry. Probably no man or woman (apart from claiming a ready-made article not their own) ever consciously plagiarized in verse. The smallest poetaster has too much vanity to borrow on purpose. Unconsciously even great men (Scott confesses in one case) have remembered and repeated the ideas or the rhythm of others. In a recent Jubilee Ode one reads (indeed it is quoted in a newspaper article on plagiarism):

Deep-based on ancient right as on thy people's will  
Thy rule endures unshattered still.

The debt to the Laureate's verse is not to be mistaken; but no less unmistakable is the absence of consciousness of this in the author. When I was a freshman, and when Mr. Swinburne was the new poet, I wrote a (most justly unsuccessful) Newdigate, in which I thought there was a good line. Somebody's hands were said to be

Made of a red rose swooning into white.

This seemed 'all very capital,' like matrimony to Mr. Weller, till I found in 'Chastelard,' somebody's hand

Made of a red rose that has turned to white.

The mind of the unconscious plagiarist had not been wholly inactive, as the word 'swooning' shows, but it was a direct though unintentional robbery. No robberies, in verse, are made, I think, with more *malice prepense* than this early larceny.

On the whole, then, the plagiarist appears to be a decidedly rare criminal, whereas charges of plagiarism have always been as common as blackberries. An instructive example is that of Molière and 'Les Précieuses.' Everything in it, cried Somaise and De Villiers, is from the Abbé de Pure, the Italians, and Chapuzeau. But somehow none of these gallant gentlemen did, in fact, write 'Les Précieuses Ridicules,' nor anything that anybody except the Moliériste ever heard of.

The laudable anxiety of the Somaises of all time for literary honesty would be more laudable still if they did not possess a little vice of their own. It is not a vice of which any man is the *fanfaron*: the delicate veiled passion of Envy. Indeed, these lynx-eyed ones have a bad example in their predecessor, Mr. Alexander Pope.

Mr. Pope had a friend who became an enemy—Mr. Moore, who took the name of Smythe. This Mr. Moore-Smythe wrote a comedy, 'The Rival Modes,' played in 1727, wherein the persons occasionally dropped into poetry, printed in italics. On March 18, 1728, an anonymous correspondent in the *Daily Journal* accused Mr. Pope of having plagiarized certain verses from this comedy, and published them in the third volume of his 'Miscellanies':

'Tis thus that vanity coquettes rewards,  
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards—

and so forth. There was no doubt that these verses, after appearing in the 'Rival Modes,' came out in Pope's 'Miscellanies.' But in 1729, in the enlarged edition of the 'Dunciad,' Pope quoted the anonymous letters (there were two), and maintained that the verses were his own, and that Moore-Smythe was the plagiarist. He had given Smythe leave to use them (the men had once been on good terms), and had suggested their withdrawal later. Pope then, on a quarrel with Smythe, published them, and antedated them (1723), 'in order to found or support the charge of plagiarism against Smythe.' And Mr. Alexander Pope himself (like Conkey in 'Oliver Twist') was his own anonymous accuser, bringing the charge against himself, that he might retort it on the luckless Moore-Smythe. But Mr. Moore-Smythe was in one respect well advised: he made no reply.

Though it appears from this anecdote, as told in Mr. Carruthers' 'Life of Pope,' that people who bring charges of plagiarism are not invariably of a delicate morality, yet a review of the whole topic cannot but console the moralist. Mr. Matthew Arnold assigns to morality but a poor seven-eighths in the composition of human life. But we see that morality has far more interest and importance than this estimate allows. A masterpiece of mere art in poetry or fic-

tion might be published (I wish it were probable) without exciting one hundredth part of the interest provoked by the charge of stealing half a page. Thus we learn that Art is of no importance at all in comparison with Conduct. A good new book is murmured about at a few dinner parties. A wicked new action—say the purloining, real or alleged, of twenty lines—is thundered about from the house-top, and flashed along all the network of electric wires from London to San Francisco. While men have this overpowering interest in morals, who can despair of humanity?

## Current Criticism

NEW FACTS FROM FRANCE.—It cannot be expected that a Frenchman writing in France should bring out any considerable number of new points affecting the life and works of Shelley. One or two details may, nevertheless, be gleaned from M. Rabbe's pages. It has often been said that 'Zastrozzi' bore some resemblance to a romance entitled 'Zofloya; or, the Moor.' We now learn not only that 'Zofloya' had the honor of being translated into French in 1812 by Madame de Viterne, but that one of the incidents which Shelley borrowed from this novel is that of Verezzi, sleeping exhausted in the streets of Passau, being waked up by an old woman on her way to market. Another statement (which we find very startling) is that Edward Graham—the early intimate of Shelley, afterwards a musician—was 'son of a French *émigré* of high lineage who had taken refuge in England, and had married a woman descended direct from Shakspeare.' In all Shelleyan biographies the father of Edward Graham figures as the business factotum employed by Sir Timothy Shelley. The writer of the present article in early youth knew Edward Graham well, and never heard the least hint of anything illustrious or uncommon in his progenitors.—*The Athenaeum*.

TO A LITERARY ASPIRANT.—A young gentleman, over twenty-one years of age, writes from Buffalo, saying that he wants to devote himself to Catholic literature. From his letter, we judge that he has something to say and is not without a capacity for saying it. He asks how he can qualify himself for the profession of literature, and what are the prospects of a Catholic journalist. . . . What is called Catholic literature in this country—literature written by Catholics for Catholics—is an exotic. It is put under a glass case and spoken well of, and occasionally inspected with an air of profound criticism. But, beyond that, no attention is paid to it. If we had a society for the encouragement of good books, a beginning of real importance would perhaps be made. If our colleges had real courses of literature instead of sham courses, a thorough spirit of appreciation and criticism would be generated. But, with one or two exceptions, the English literature in Catholic seminaries and colleges is founded on Jenkins' absurd text-book or John O'Kane Murray's ridiculous catechism of literature. . . . If our young friend has an income of his own, large enough to support him, we advise him to write exclusively for Catholics, if he feels his vocation for that work to be a true one. . . . We advise our friend to avoid Catholic journalism unless he is rich—and very, very tough.—*The Freeman's Journal*.

GRADUATION AND PUNCTUATION.—I have had a dozen years' experience in a New York newspaper office and have been engaged as 'copy editor' half of that time. The work of hundreds of young men has passed under my hand and before my eye. They have been both college graduates and non-graduates, although the former have predominated. I can easily recall men who have come from at least twenty colleges, large and small, including Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Cornell. The verdict derived from this wide experience is that the training in the handling of their own language which college students receive is painfully defective. I have known graduates of Cornell who could not even spell correctly, and yet who were bright, active, intelligent, and doubtless took good rank as students. The graduate, however, who can write good English is a rare exception; and as for punctuation—a matter almost as important as correct spelling and unimpeachable grammar,—not one man in a hundred knows the proper use of a single punctuation mark except the period. And I fear that the colleges for young women are no more thorough on this point. Last summer a bright, intelligent young lady, whose education had been completed at Wellesley, copied for me a single stanza of a poem. The only marks of punctuation which she used were the period and the dash, and some of the dashes were in places where no pause was needed. On inquiry I found that the dash was about the only mark she used in writing letters—the sole use to which she put her pen.—*The Chautauquan*.



## The Fine Arts

## Art Notes.

TOBY ROSENTHAL'S somewhat noted picture 'Elaine' is on exhibition in Fifth Avenue near 27th St. It shows the lily maid of Astolat lying on her bed in the barge, floating up the river, with the tall dumb servitor standing upright at the prow of the boat. The sky behind the figure is light, and the clump of dark trees on the shore at the right serves as a relief to the light mass of the flower-decked barge and the dead Elaine. The picture is effective in a decorative way, but in color and handling it does not show the delicacy and grace which are required to execute the painter's really poetic conception of the subject. The work would have been far better in black and white. The treatment indicates stronger and truer feeling for black and white than for color.

—Munkacsy's 'Christ on Calvary' has been brought to New York, and will be exhibited about the middle of November at the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle.

—The autumn exhibition of the National Academy of Design will open Monday Nov. 21, and close Saturday, December 17.

—Joseph Vollmering, of this city, a Dutch artist who has been a prominent restorer of pictures and authority on the old masters for forty years, died September 24th. He was an Honorary Member of the New York Historical Society and an Associate of the National Academy of Design.

—On October 10th there will be an exhibition, at Chickering Hall, of 'The Grand Ulyssium,' being scenes from the life of General Grant, by Voegtlin.

—Mr. Keppel will soon hold an exhibition of the works of the French etcher, Felix Buhot, and of the American, Peter Moran, at his new gallery in Sixteenth Street.

—The New York Society for the Promotion of Art has opened an exhibition in the Eden Musée building. It consists of about seventy pictures by American and European artists, one of the most important being Charles Giron's 'Deux Sources,' a canvas 24½ by 16½ feet, in which two Parisian female types are strongly contrasted.

—An exhibition, shortly to be held at Atlanta, Ga., is likely to be the finest ever seen in the South. Mr. George I. Seney contributes twenty pictures.

—A splendid specimen of what the French call *trompe l'oeil*—that is, painting that simulates reality—is the large painting with fourteen life-size figures, now on exhibition at C. W. Schumann's jewelry store in Union Square. It is by the Russian K. Makovski, who painted 'The Russian Wedding-Feast.' The present work is of much the same character, and represents an episode in the life of the young Tsar Alexis, who was tricked into marrying the wrong woman. The picture is called 'Choosing the Bride,' and illustrates the ancient Russian manner of choosing the Imperial wife. The maidens form a group at the left and the Tsar stands under a canopy at the back. Admirable painting of still life—treasures of gold and silver, silks, satins, jewels, furs, painted walls, and various sumptuous accessories—characterizes this enormous canvas. It lacks, however, the action and interest of the 'Russian Wedding-Feast.'

## The Magazines.

A MOST interesting portrait of the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is the frontispiece of *The Century*. It is one of the illustrations to an entertaining paper by James Lane Allen, called 'Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom at Home in Kentucky.' The writer thinks Mrs. Stowe's point of view should be qualified somewhat. Ely is the Cathedral honored this month by Mrs. Van Rensselaer's graphic pen, which declares the noble architecture to be 'always imposing, always superb, always tremendous—from far or near, from north, south, east or west.' Prof. Johnston of Princeton describes, with spirited illustrations, 'The American Game of Football.' The greater part of Mr. Stedman's 'Victorian Poets' appeared originally in *The Century*, and this month the author gives us a fine critical paper from the supplement to the next edition, dealing with the later work of Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne, with the work also of several poets whose books have appeared since the earlier review. The Lincoln History handles the Secession Movement as exhibited in Congress, in the Cabinet of Buchanan, and in some important Southern correspondence. The War papers describe 'The Great March.' Mr. Harris's novelette of 'Azalia' is concluded, and Mr. Stockton solves the problem of 'The Hundredth Man' more definitely than he did that of 'The Lady and the Tiger.' A fine short story by a new author, John Heard, Jr., is called 'Hand-car 412, C. P. R.,' the scene of action, and very spirited action, being the Canadian Pacific Railway. In her verses in Bric-à-Brac, Miss Winifred Howells has a very piquant and dainty little touch.

In *Outing* Mr. Eugene Van Schaick, president of the Knickerbocker Fencing Club, and one of the most expert amateur swordsmen in the country, writes of 'A Bout with the Foils,' giving a technical paper on fencing, which is illustrated with pictures from instantaneous photographs. An article on 'Horsemanship for Women' is written by a woman, Constance Borland, who gives a number of useful hints on the subject. Yachtsmen will be interested in the account of Mr. G. L. Watson's history as a yacht designer, which includes his connection with the Thistle. For fishermen there is 'My First Trout,' for hunting men a paper on Australian sport, by Mr. Borrowe, and one on 'Big Game Hunting in the Wild West,' by Gen. Marcy; and for cricketers an article by W. G. Grace and W. Methven Brownlee.

## Notes

MR. GEO. O. SEILHAMER, of the Philadelphia *Times*, will publish in December 'A History of the American Theatre before the Revolution.' The author, who has been a dramatic critic for many years and always a devoted student of the stage and of theatrical literature, claims consideration for his book because of the mass of facts it contains that have never been used by any writer on American dramatic history. These facts are from the newspapers of Philadelphia, New York, Newport, Annapolis, Williamsburg, Va., and Charleston, S. C., from 1749 to 1774. The work will make a volume of over 300 pages. The narrative is continuous, relating the story of the American stage from the first attempts of the Philadelphia Company in the Quaker City and in New York, and of the Virginia Comedians who were at Annapolis when the elder Hallam arrived at Williamsburg, down to the close of the Charleston season just before the Revolution. Lists of performances, casts, advertisements, criticisms, prologues and epilogues, and quaint (and generally bad) poetry relating to the performances and performers of the time, will be reprinted, being set into the pages by indentation, and thus illustrating without interrupting the narrative. The edition will be limited to 500 copies, large paper, at five dollars, and will be delivered to subscribers by the Globe Printing House of 112 North 12th Street, Philadelphia.

—D. Lothrop Co. will shortly issue an American edition of 'A Lost Epic,' a volume of poems by Wm. Canton, of the editorial staff of the Glasgow *Herald*. The book has been warmly praised by several English critics.

—A number of readers seem to have been misled by our recent list showing the comparative popularity of authors in the Northwest. The writer said: 'For convenience in making comparisons, the number of volumes sold of the most popular author' (the Rev. E. P. Roe) 'was made 1,000, and the amounts representing the sales of the other authors were reduced in proportion.' The actual sale of Mr. Roe's writings for the period indicated was, we are assured, very largely in excess of the figure given.

—Alfredo Brigola & Co., of Milan, Italy, ask us to announce that they have just brought out (Oct. 1) a new work by Salvatore Farina, the popular novelist, sometimes called 'The Italian Dickens.' It is entitled 'Pe' Belli Occhi della Gloria.'

—Cupples & Hurd are about to issue the Rev. Wm. E. Griffis's Life of Commodore Matthew Perry, from which our Boston correspondent made some interesting extracts a few months ago.

—Among Scribner & Welford's announcements are 'Faint, yet Pursuing,' by the author of 'How to be Happy though Married'; a translation, by W. Hastie, of Pünjer's 'History of the Christian Philosophy of Religion'; Prof. Mead's translation of Dörner's 'System of Christian Ethics'; 'Pictures from Holland,' in the Pen and Pencil Series; and a new edition of Julia Pardoe's 'Francis I. and his Times.'

—Sir Walter Scott's poem, 'The Bridal of Triermain,' is to be one of Lee & Shepard's holiday books this year. It will have fourteen full-page illustrations by Percy Macquoid. The same house announces 'Peter Budstone, the Boy Who was Hazed,' the sixth of Trowbridge's Tide-Mill Stories; a new edition of Gen. Douglas Frazer's 'Perseverance Island'; an edition of 'Our Standard Bearer'; or, the Life of Gen. U. S. Grant, covering the General's completed career; fourteen favorite poems and hymns, printed separately, in what is to be called the Alhambra style; and some further hymns and poems in the Golden Miniature Series.

—A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* relates the following anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott:—When Scott was staying with his friend and brother-poet Wordsworth, the frugal fare—at least in the line of liquor—at the Bard of Rydal's table did not quite suit Scott's less simple palate. He used accordingly to pay a visit to a neighboring 'public,' and have a glass, 'unbeknown,' as Mrs. Camp would say, to Wordsworth. One day the two poets were walking

out together, and they happened to pass this same 'public' when the landlady was standing at the door. Directly she caught sight of Scott she exclaimed, to his horror, 'Weel, Mr. Scott, have ye come for your morning dram?' thereby letting the cat out of the bag and covering Scott with confusion.—When Scott met Manzoni, the latter said that he owed so much to the Waverley Novels that his 'I Promessi Sposi' might be considered Scott's own. To which Scott replied, 'In that case, "I Promessi Sposi" is my best novel.'

—In about thirty days Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls will issue an American edition of the English fac-simile reprint of the First Folio Shakspeare—1623. Its 'timeliness' is based upon the Donnelly cipher controversy, if controversy it may be called.

—Prof. Benjamin Andrews's 'Brief Institutes of General History' is published by Silver, Rogers & Co.

—T. P. H. writes to us from Lebanon Springs, N. Y.:—'Whilst there can be no doubt as to the facts of Mr. Brander Matthews's article on "British Pirates" [see THE CRITIC, Oct. 1], I am able to state (having registered the copyright of two works), that an American author, whether "a citizen" or "a resident" in the United States, having taken a copyright of his work in America, can also copyright it in Great Britain. For example, had Gen. Lew Wallace taken a copyright in England before a single copy of his "Ben Hur" was sold in either country, Messrs. Warner & Co. could not have issued it without his sanction. The mistake American authors make is in not copyrighting their books in England, for it is not necessary to be a British subject to copyright a book in Great Britain.'

—A second edition of 'The High-Caste Hindu Woman,' by Pundita Ramabai, has been brought out.

—Miss Haggood's *Independent* papers on 'Tourguéneff at Home' describe the novelist as he appeared during his last visit to his native place in 1881, and are based on the diary of the Russian poet, Polousky, who passed the summer with Tourguéneff.

—Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, author of the Life of Pope Leo XIII., has received the appointment of Domestic Prelate to the Supreme Pontiff.

—The Supplement to Mr. Cushing's 'Initials and Pseudonyms,' to appear this fall, will contain about 6,000 entries.

—The house at Lichfield, in which Dr. Samuel Johnson was born and lived for many years, is to be sold. It is now a draper's shop, but has been little altered since Johnson lived there.

—Burke's famous Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful is issued in Cassell's ten-cent National Library.

—The New York City Eisteddfod, of which Mr. William Miles is President, and Mr. Henry Blackwell, of Woodside, L. I., Secretary, will be held on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1888. Money prizes are offered for poetry, prose, translations, music and recitations. Mr. Blackwell may be applied to for particulars.

—From the *Herald's* London office come the following literary notes:—Mr. Swinburne has almost finished a drama to be called 'Locrine.' Prof. Bryce's work on America is expected soon. Bentley will publish this month the Autobiography and Reminiscences of W. P. Frith, R.A. It contains anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Bishop Wilberforce, Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, as well as many literary and artistic personages of the Victorian era. Cassell & Co. will publish early in October the 'Abbeys and Churches of England and Wales,' edited by Prof. T. L. Bonney, fully illustrated. W. H. Allen & Co. announce Prince Napoleon's 'Napoleon and His Detractors,' translated from the French by Raphael L. De Beaufort. Sonneschein & Co. promise 'Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, in the Court of Charles II.; or, How the Duke of Richmond Gained His Pension,' translated from a work by M. Forneron, which was compiled by that author from the archives of the French Foreign Office. The author of 'Olrig Grange' has written a volume of short sermons in verse, which the publishers to the University of Glasgow will issue immediately under the title of 'Thoughts and Fancies for Sunday Evenings.' 'Scenes from the George Eliot Country,' by Stephen Parkinson, is the title of a volume now in press which deals more especially with the early life of George Eliot, and identifies characters in her novels with persons of whom she had knowledge in actual life, and places and scenery amid which she spent her youth. Messrs. Isbister announce the second volume of Dean Plumptre's 'Dante,' completing the work; also, 'Everyday Christian Life,' by Archdeacon Farrar.

—The body of Audubon, the naturalist, which lies in an obscure part of Trinity Cemetery, will be removed and placed opposite the 155th Street entrance, where a monument to his memory is to be erected by the New York Academy of Science.

—'Jim the Penman' was very successfully revived at the Madison Square Theatre on Monday evening. Since its seven months' run there, last winter, it has been seen in the principal cities in the Union. Its author, Sir Charles Young, has died in the meantime.

—Some 'Innocent Abroad' cabled to the *Tribune* last Tuesday that Mark Twain is residing at Buckenham Hall, near Norwich, England, spending his time yachting, 'entertaining a party of Dutch friends,' and editing his 'Library of Wit and Humor.' Mr. Clemens, who was in town on Tuesday, read the news with interest.

## The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS.

**No. 1298.**—In F. B. Perkins's list (several times reprinted) of the hundred best novels are mentioned 'Thiodolf' and 'The Challenge of Barletta.' These names do not occur in the longest list of novels that I know (that of the Boston Library), and I have not succeeded, by private inquiry, in discovering anything about them.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. M. G.

**No. 1299.**—I have been asked to verify the enclosed quotation, but do not know from what it has been taken. Can you help me out?

When one who holds communion with the skies  
Has filled his urn where the pure waters rise,  
And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;  
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
And tells us whence his treasure is supplied.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.

S. L. R.

### ANSWERS.

**No. 1190.**—The title of the first edition of Strong's parody on Hia-watha, published at Cincinnati in 1856, is 'The Song of Milkenwater.' Later editions had Milkanwatha, but the original (which is before me as I write) is as I have stated.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

W. H. F.

## Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work depends upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

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|---|--------------------------------------|
| Adams, C. F. Dialect Ballads. \$1.00.....   | Harper & Bros.                       |
| Andrews, E. B. Brief Institutes of General History. \$2.00.....                               | Boston: Silver, Rogers & Co.         |
| Baskervill, W. M., and J. A. Harrison. An Outline of Anglo-Saxon Grammar. 2 vols. \$3.00..... | A. S. Barnes & Co.                   |
| Bryce, James. The Predictions of Hamilton and De Tocqueville. 2 vols. \$3.00.....             | Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University. |
| Bunyan, J. The Holy War. Pilgrim's Progress. 2 vols. \$3.00.....                              | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.      |
| Burke, E. The Sublime and Beautiful. 10c.....   | Cassell & Co.                        |
| Butterworth, H. Songs of History. \$2.00.....   | Boston: New England Publishing Co.   |
| Chatterji, M. Bhagavad Gita; or, The Lord's Lay. \$1.00.....                                  | Boston: Ticknor & Co.                |
| Craig, Dinah Maria Mulock. An Unknown Country. \$2.50.....                                    | Harper & Bros.                       |
| Dennett, Dr. The Type Test. 50c.....  | Meyrowitz Bros.                      |
| G. W. P. Whist Universal. 50c.....  | F. A. Stokes.                        |
| God in Creation and in Worship. 50c.....  | New York Bookstores.                 |
| Gomme, G. L. The Gentleman's Magazine Library. \$2.50.....                                    | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.      |
| Griffin, W. Twok: A Novel. Part I. 50c.....   | Hamilton, Ont.: Griffin & Kidner.    |
| Hale, E. E. Lights of Two Centuries. \$1.75.....  | A. S. Barnes & Co.                   |
| Holder, Chas. F. Living Lights. \$2.00.....   | Chas. Scribner's Sons.               |
| Howells, W. D. Modern Italian Poets. \$2.00.....  | Harper & Bros.                       |
| Keller, J. W. The Game of Euchre. 50c.....  | F. A. Stokes.                        |
| Knox, T. W. The Boy Travellers on the Congo. \$3.00.....                                      | Harper & Bros.                       |
| Longfellow, H. W. The Longfellow Prose Birthday-Book. \$1.00.....                             | Boston: Ticknor & Co.                |
| Mathews, J. H. Uncle Rutherford's Attic. \$1.25.....  | F. A. Stokes.                        |
| McCullagh, Rev. A. Beyond the Stars; or, Human Life in Heaven. \$1.00.....                    | A. D. F. Randolph.                   |
| Montgomery, D. H. The Leading Facts of English History. \$1.25.....                           | Boston: Ginn & Co.                   |
| Morris, E. D. Is There Salvation after Death? \$1.25.....                                     | A. C. Armstrong & Son.               |
| Murray, T. J. Practical Carving. 50c.....   | F. A. Stokes.                        |
| Novello, Ewer & Co. A short History of Cheap Music. 15c.....                                  | Novello, Ewer & Co.                  |
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